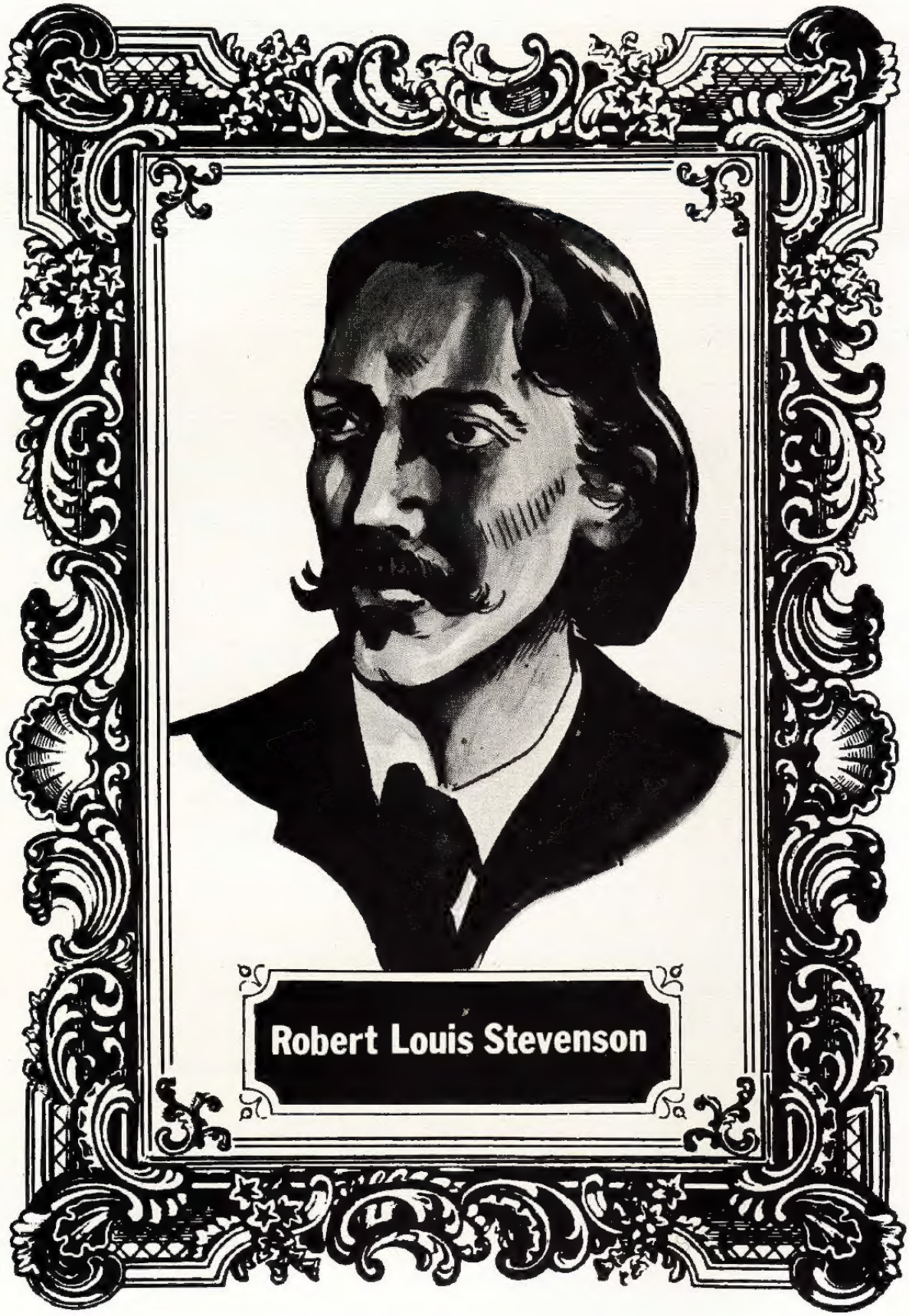
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
50¢ CC 1 02943
DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS™
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE™
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
52 FULL PGS NO ADS
ADKINS


Robert Louis Stevenson

409

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

R.L. Stevenson
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Adapted by
KIN PLATT

Illustrated by
NESTOR REDONDO

a
VINCENT FAGO
production

MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS™ SERIES FEATURING: DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published annually. Copyright©1976 by Pandulum Press, Inc. All rights reserved 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 1, No. 1, 1976. Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the United States of America.

I was born into a wealthy family. I became a well-known doctor.

As Dr. Jekyll, I was leading two lives. My evil life, however, was kept hidden.

About this time I was also studying magic and the supernatural.

I knew I could die by taking the drug. But the thought of such a great discovery overcame my fear.

* a section of London

The most terrible pain followed.

My bones ached.

I thought I would die.

When the pain stopped, I felt weak, as if I had been ill for a long time.

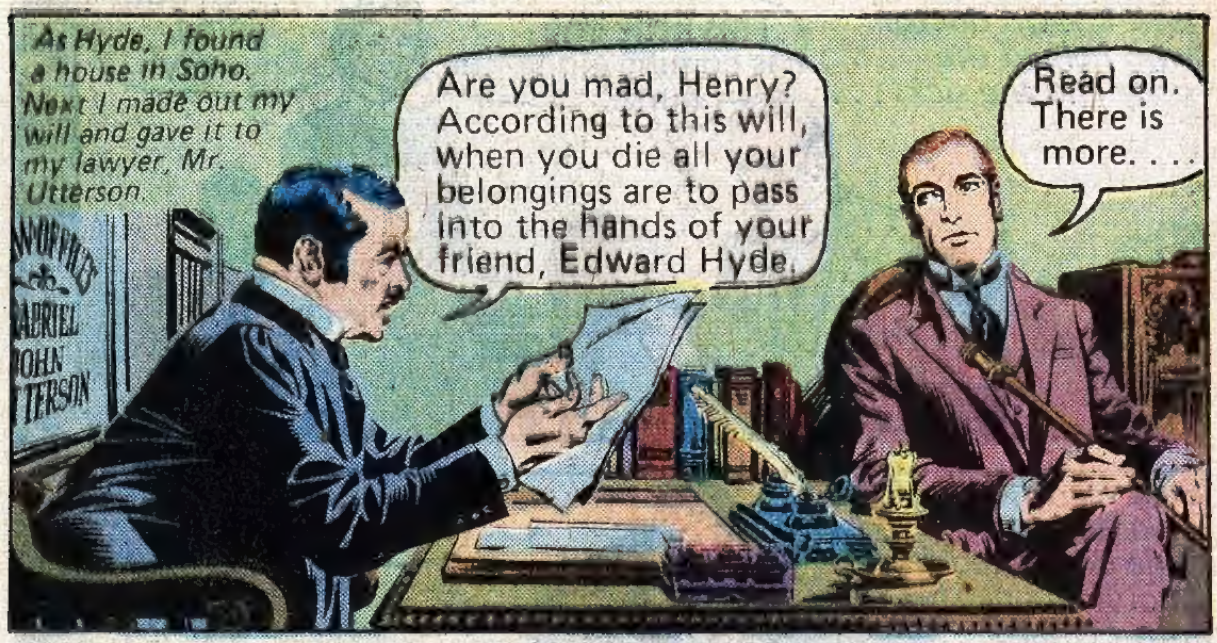
Right away I knew this person I had changed into was ugly and evil. But I was glad.

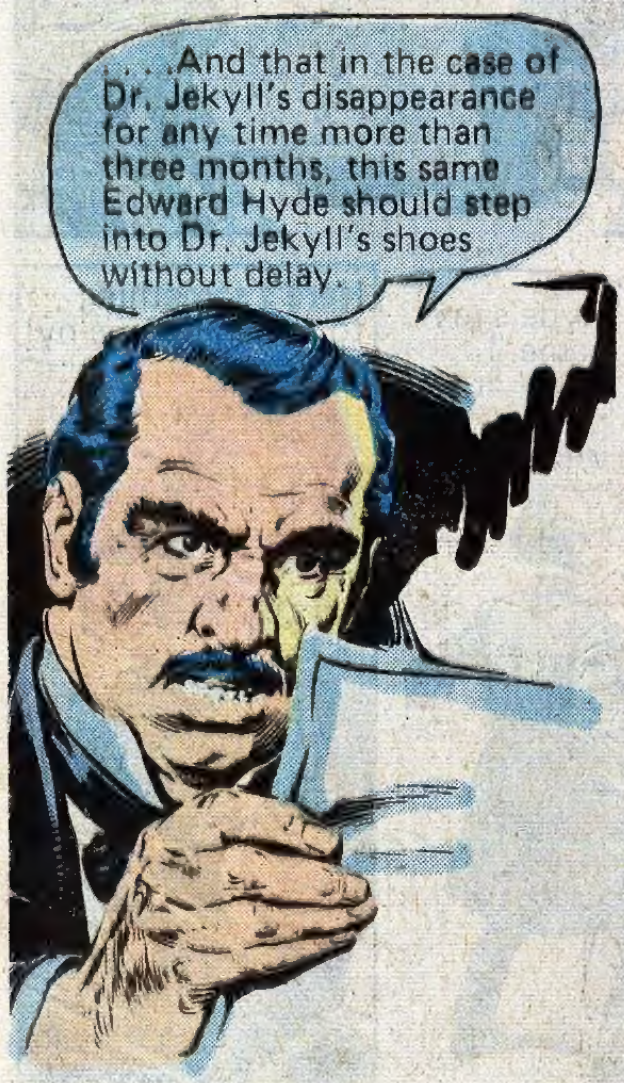
As I was enjoying these new feelings, I suddenly noticed that my appearance had changed.

But I had to see if I could regain my old identity.
Now for the second and most important experiment.

The drug works, I've done it.

I had made a deadly discovery that night. The drug had unlocked the doors and let my evil nature escape. Not able to sleep, I looked at the evening sky and knew I had said goodnight to goodness.


As Hyde, I found a house in Soho. Next I made out my will and gave it to my lawyer, Mr. Utterson.
Are you mad, Henry? According to this will, when you die all your belongings are to pass into the hands of your friend, Edward Hyde.
Read on. There is more. . . .


. . . .And that in the case of Dr. Jekyll's disappearance for any time more than three months, this same Edward Hyde should step into Dr. Jekyll's shoes without delay.

Well, Utterson? Will you see that it is done?
It bothers me both as your friend and your lawyer. It is crazy but I shall do as you wish.

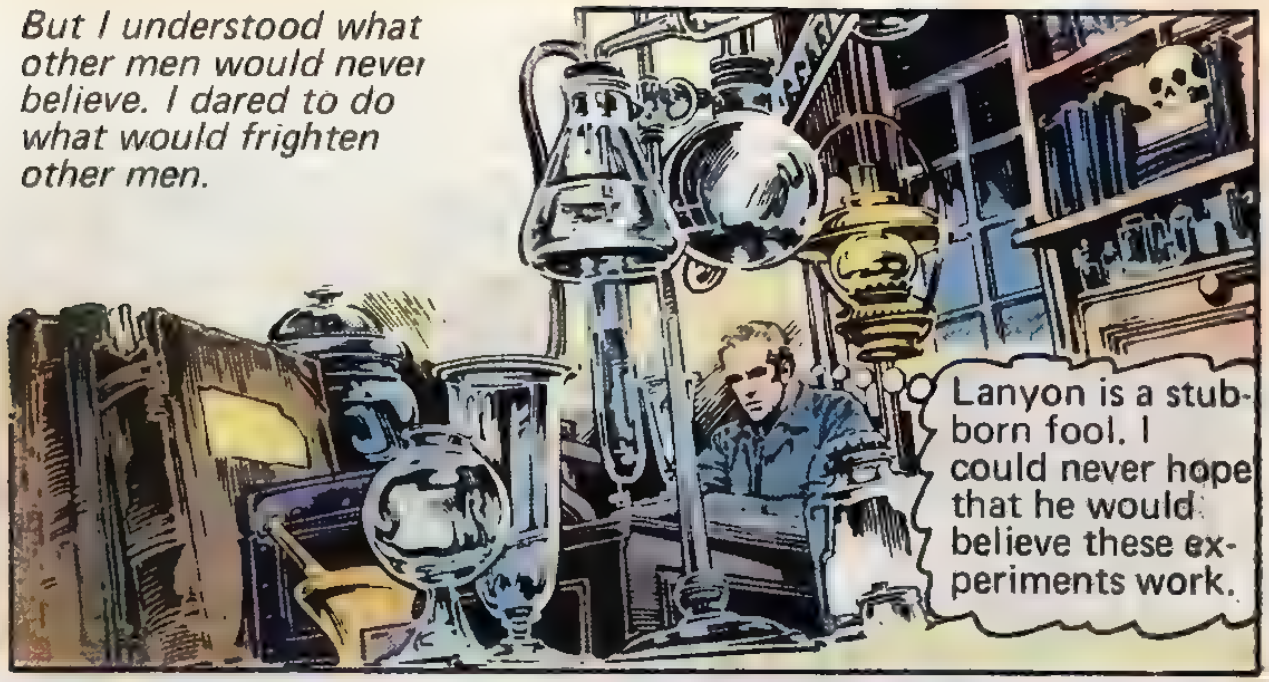
I enjoyed being a well-known doctor who helped the poor and the sick. . . .
This little one is coming along fine, nurse.
It's all your doing, Dr. Jekyll.
Because when I wanted to be rude or wicked I could change into Edward Hyde.
Y-yes, sir!
Sing it again, louder! Do you hear me?
Here, sir — there'll be none of that.
What?
Hyde's my name. I do what I please— understand!
Here's something to remember me by!

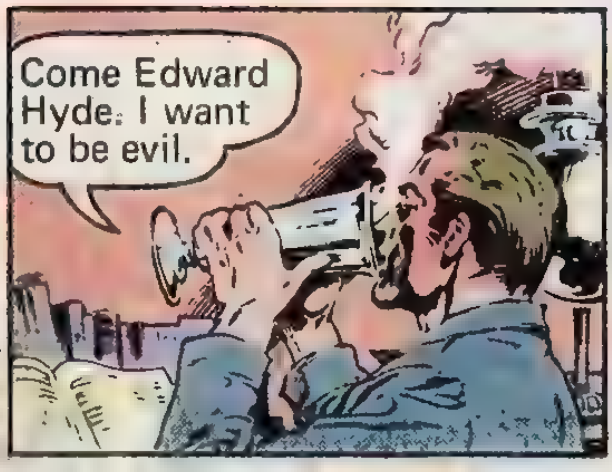
As Hyde, I was pure evil let loose.
Out of my way; I'm leaving!
Look out! He's dangerous!
Ugh!
Later, sitting safely at home. . . .
As long as no one guesses that I, Dr. Jekyll, am really Edward Hyde. . . .
I am perfectly safe.

After dinner one night with my old school friends George Utterson and Dr. Hastie Lanyon. . . .

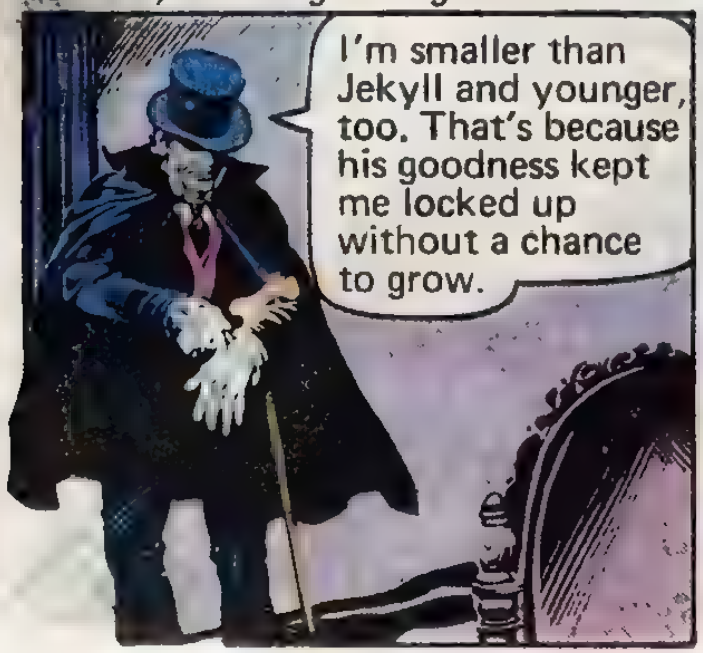
What have you been up to, Henry? You look tired.
My work has taken much of my time, Utterson.
Nonsense! My guess, Jekyll, is that you are burning the candle at both ends with your studies of magic and the supernatural.
Yes I am, as a matter of fact, Lanyon. I've discovered a good deal about the good and evil parts of man.
You forget, Jekyll, I am a scientist, not a quack. Do you have proof of what you say?
I do, Lanyon, but I don't think you would understand.
There are certain things created by God that we should obey and not try to change, Henry.
Perhaps . . . and then again, perhaps not.
What if I were to tell you that each of us is really two people in one—a good man and an evil man—and that I can actually separate the good from the evil?
Nonsense! I say! Come, Utterson. I think it's time we leave.

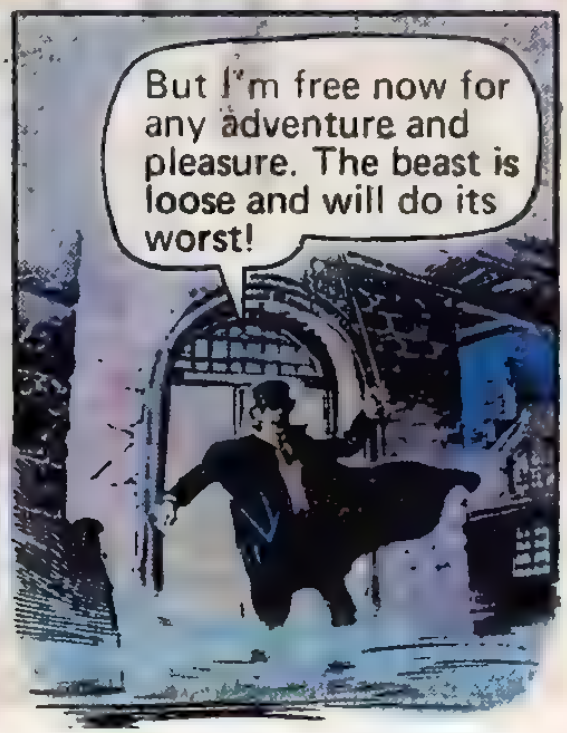
But I understood what other men would never believe. I dared to do what would frighten other men.



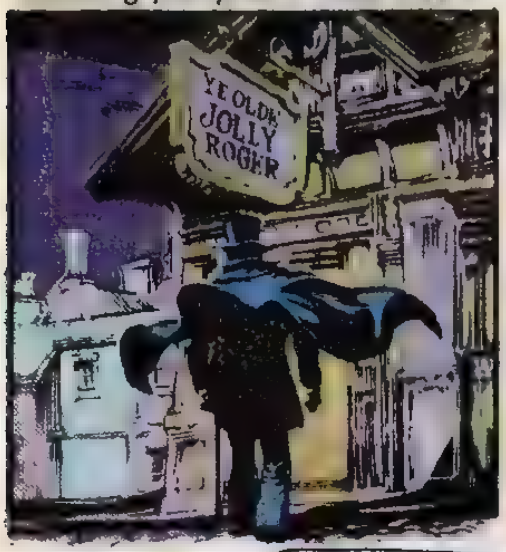


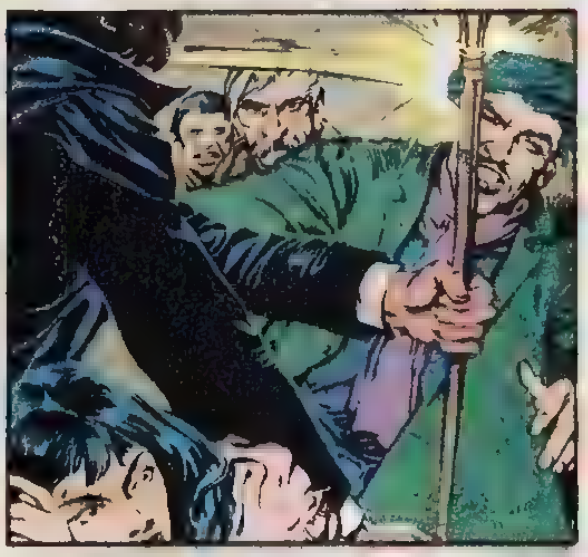
The goodness in me was overcome by the magic drug.





Again, as Hyde, a creature evil and wicked, I went after pleasure. Everything I did was for myself. I enjoyed hurting people. I was like a man of stone with no feelings.

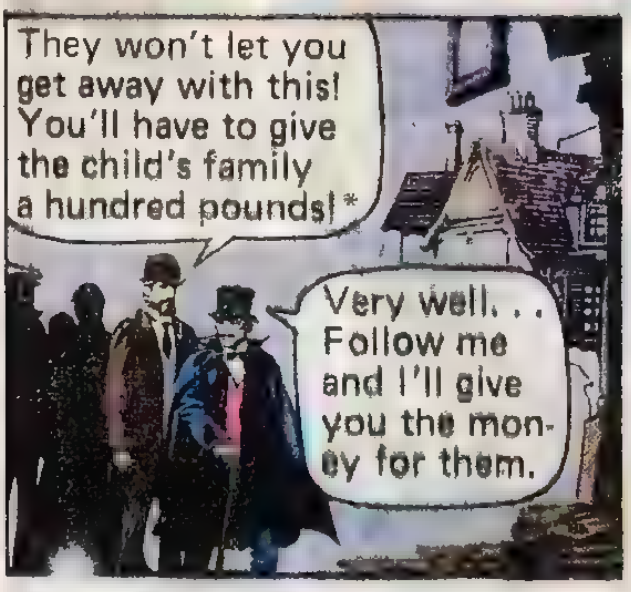




I had no idea of the trouble to come. . . .
This is so unusual, outside all the laws of science.
Later, filled with a lively evening, I walked into danger.
Free at last! The night awaits me.
I saw a child and yet did not see her. My mood was too high to take notice.
Eh . . . what?
Ohhh!

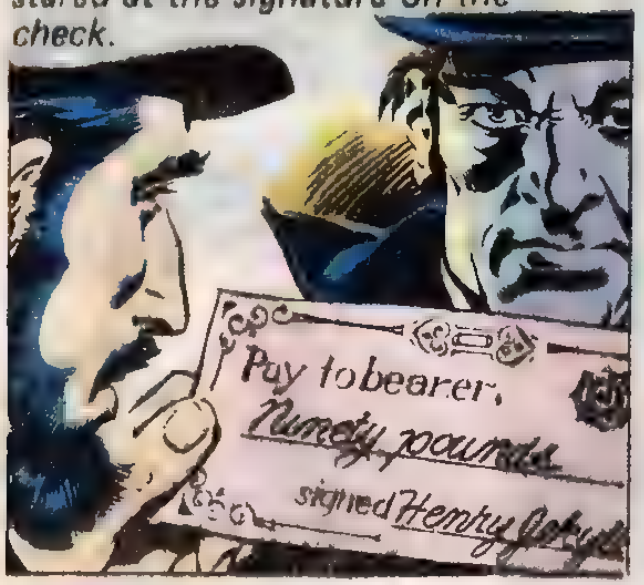
Only to be stopped by a man who saw the accident.

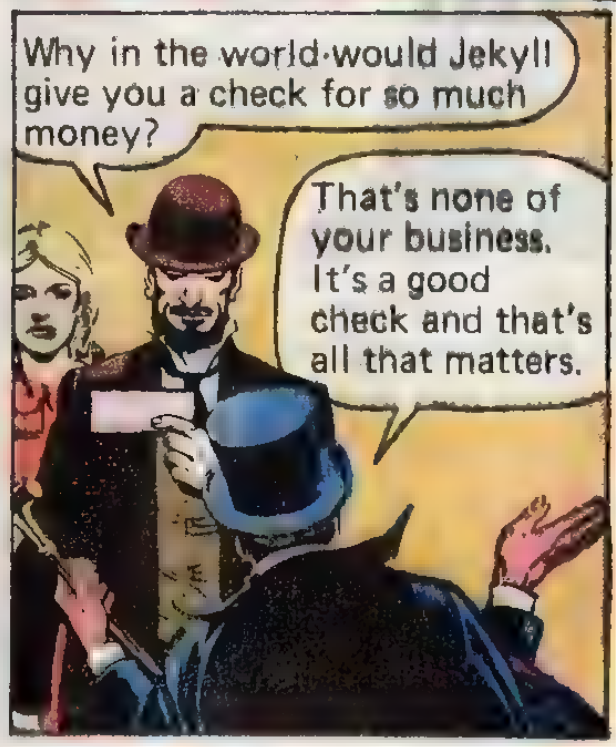
The accident with the child made her family and the whole neighborhood angry when they heard her cries.


They won't let you get away with this! You'll have to give the child's family a hundred pounds! *
Very well. . . Follow me and I'll give you the money for them.

The people waited outside the door to Jekyll's laboratory as Hyde went in.

I knew the man who had grabbed me was a relative to Utterson, Jekyll's lawyer. He stared at the signature on the check.

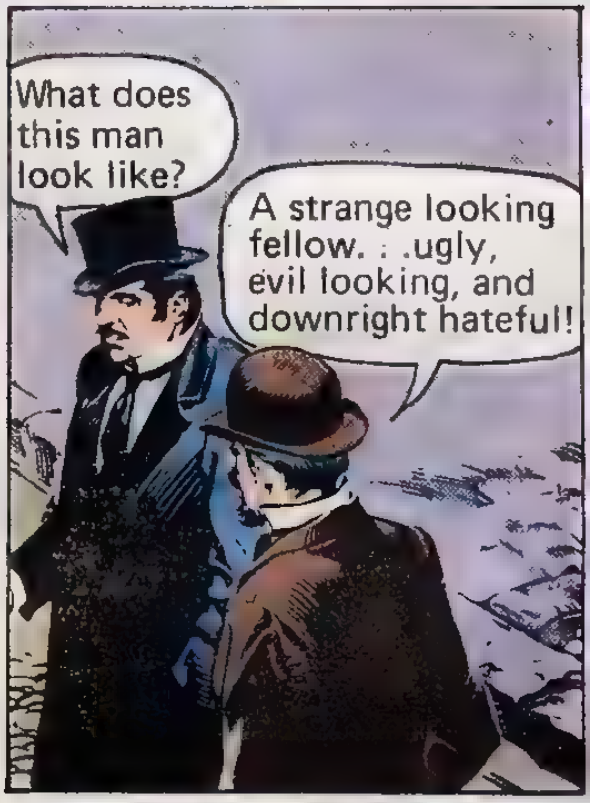



Why in the world would Jekyll give you a check for so much money?
That's none of your business. It's a good check and that's all that matters.

* about $250.

One day my friend and lawyer, George Utterson, was walking with his relative Mr. Enfield.

Enfield then told the story of Hyde's accident with the girl.



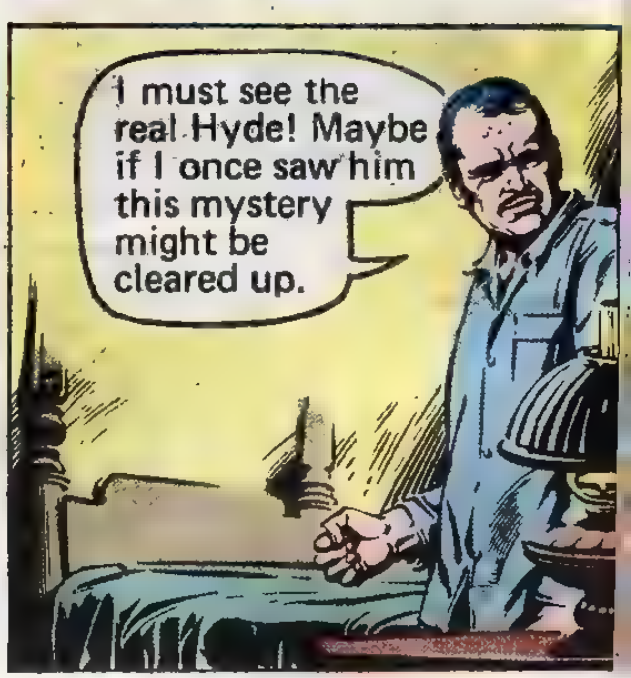
Quickly he went to the home of Dr. Lanyon.
If anyone knows the truth it will be Lanyon.

A few minutes later. . . .
I guess, Lanyon, you and I are the oldest friends Jekyll has.
Yes, but I see little of him now. Henry Jekyll has become too strange for me. He began to go wrong in his mind ten years ago with his studies of magic drugs and other such nonsense.

Did you ever meet a friend of his—a man by the name of Hyde?
No. Never heard of him.

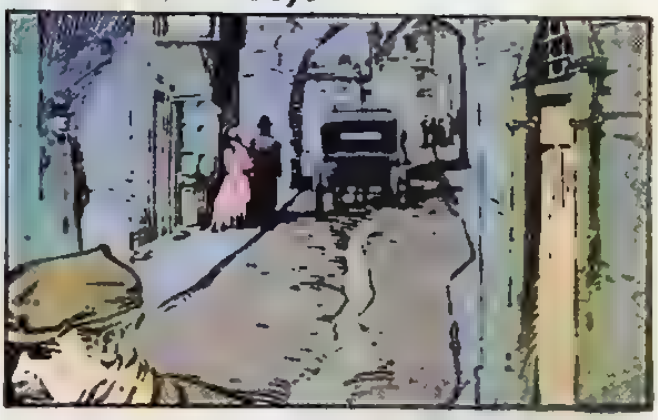
When six o'clock struck the next morning on the bells of the church near Utterson's home, he was still awake. Wild ideas passed through his mind.
I cannot sleep for fear of Henry Jekyll's life. I see a ghost at his bedside.

The ghost of Hyde continued to fill Utterson's dreams.

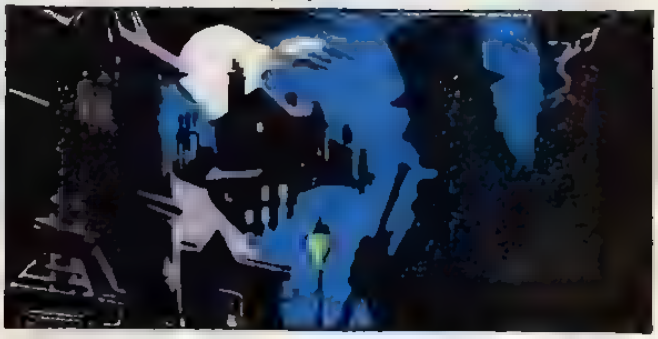


The mystery of Hyde made Utterson watch the door to Jekyll's laboratory from morning to night.

He watched at noon when the streets were busy.



He watched at night under the face of the moon.

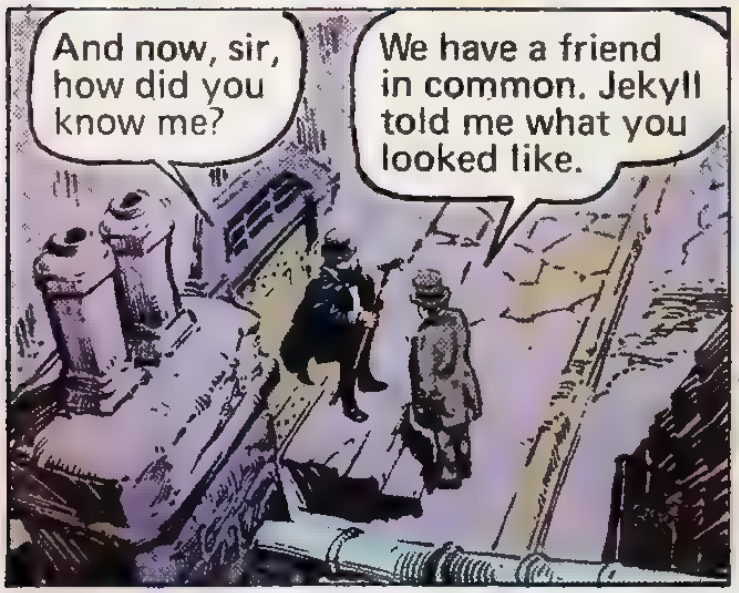


Utterson watched in all kinds of weather.
I won't give up. Hyde will come in or out sooner or later. I will see the face of Hyde. . . the face of evil!

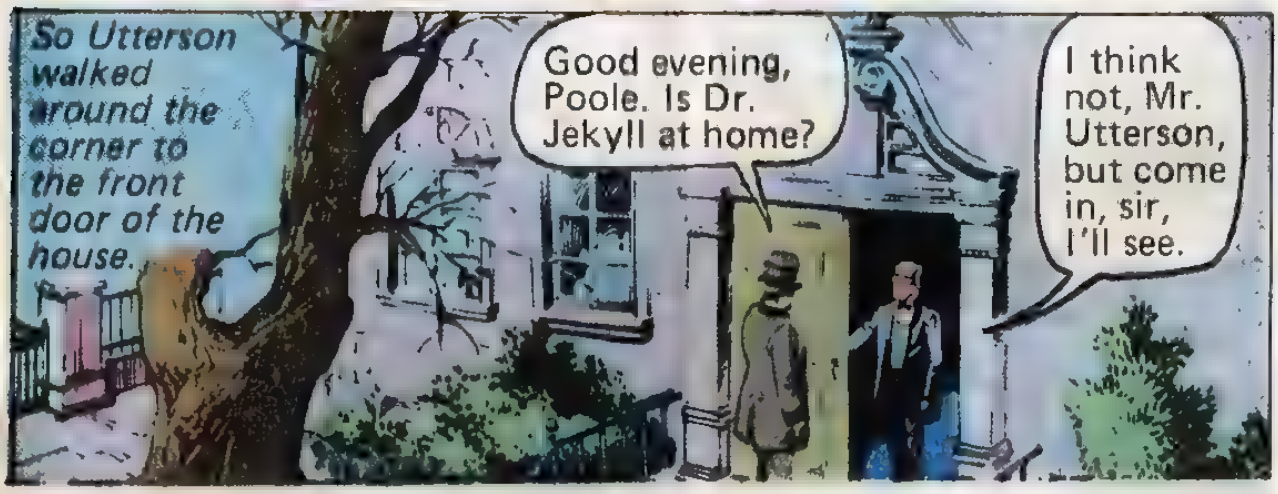
Finally. . . .
That must be Hyde!
Mr. Hyde, I think?
That is my name. What do you want?
My name is Utterson. I am a friend of Dr. Jekyll's. I thought you might let me in to talk to you.
You will not find Dr. Jekyll home.

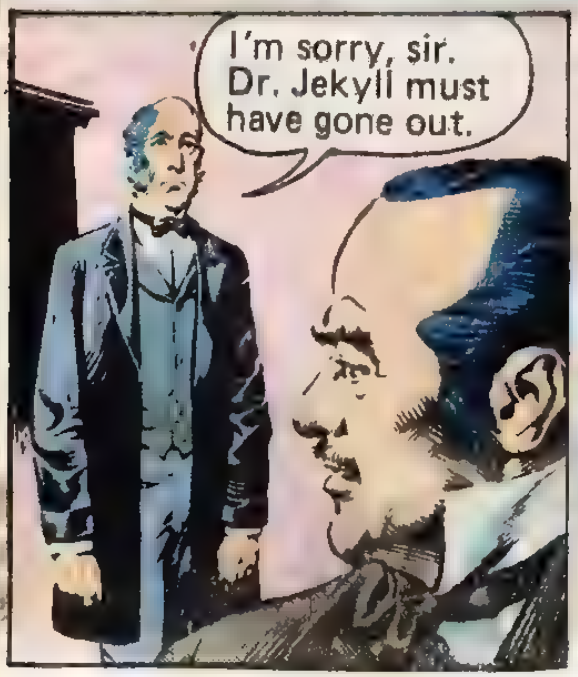
But Utterson would not give up.

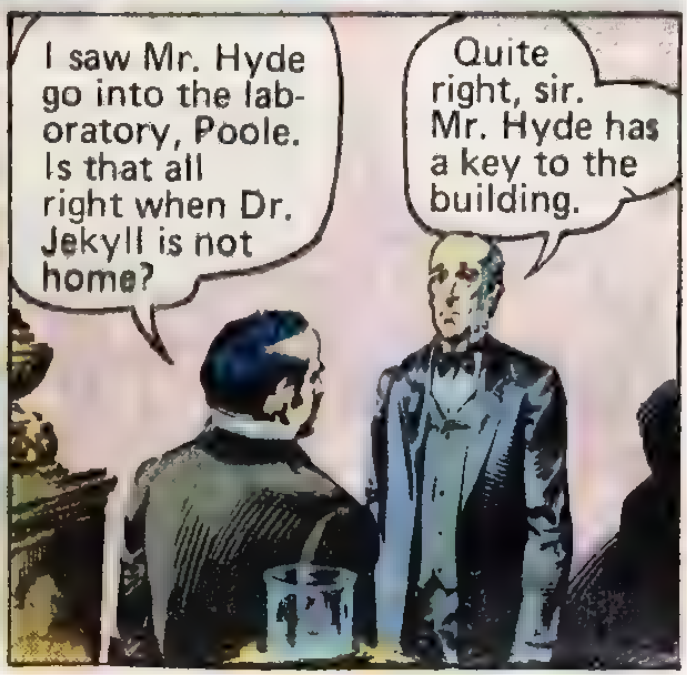
Hyde turned his head.



Hyde's ugly laugh could be heard as he disappeared into the house.


So Utterson walked around the corner to the front door of the house.
Good evening, Poole. Is Dr. Jekyll at home?
I think not, Mr. Utterson, but come in, sir, I'll see.




I saw Mr. Hyde go into the laboratory, Poole. Is that all right when Dr. Jekyll is not home?
Quite right, sir. Mr. Hyde has a key to the building.

A few days later. . . .
I have been wanting to speak to you again, Henry, about your will. You know I never liked it.
You have already told me so.
It is more important now. I have been learning something of Hyde.
No, Utterson, I can't change the will. I know this seems strange business to you—but my will stays the same.
Henry, I am your friend. Trust me. If you are in trouble I can help you.
This is very good of you and I cannot find the words to thank you. But it is not as bad as you think.
I can be rid of Hyde the moment I choose. I give you my hand upon that. But this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep.
Very well, Jekyll.
Promise me if I die or am taken away suddenly, you will help Hyde to get what I have left him.
Well, all right, I promise.

One morning following a night of evil activities as Hyde. . . .
I awoke feeling very strange.
I knew I, Henry Jekyll, had gone to bed in my own room, in my own house, but I felt as if I were in Soho in the room of Edward Hyde.
I thought I was dreaming until I saw my hand.
Jumping from my bed I ran to the mirror.
Good Lord! This is not the hand of Henry Jekyll.
My blood was changed to ice when I saw not myself but. . . .
Edward Hyde!
But I had gone to bed as Henry Jekyll!

The change into Hyde made no sense, and I had to change back.
The servants are up and all the drugs are in the laboratory.

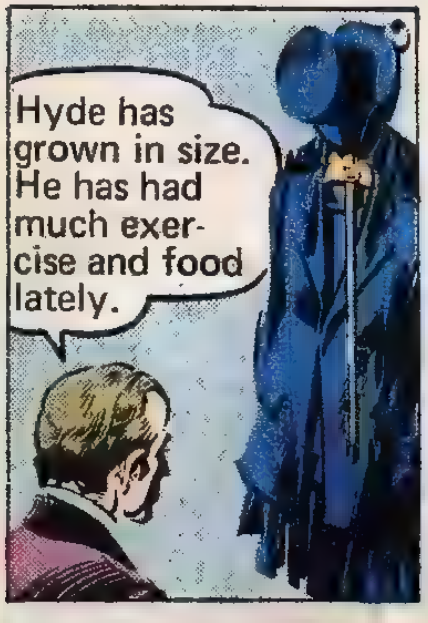
Hyde dressed in the clothes of Jekyll which were too large.
Luckily the servants are somewhat used to the coming and going of Hyde.

As soon as I got to the laboratory, I drank the waiting drug.

Ten minutes later I began my day as Henry Jekyll.
I've finished breakfast, Poole. I'll have the coffee in my study.
Yes, sir.

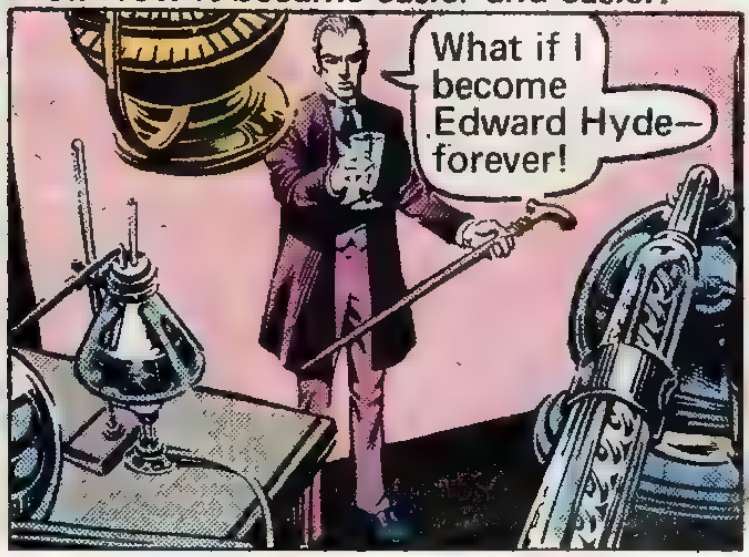
Changing into Hyde without drinking the magic drug seemed to spell out my future fate. . .Death!

I thought a lot about my double life.



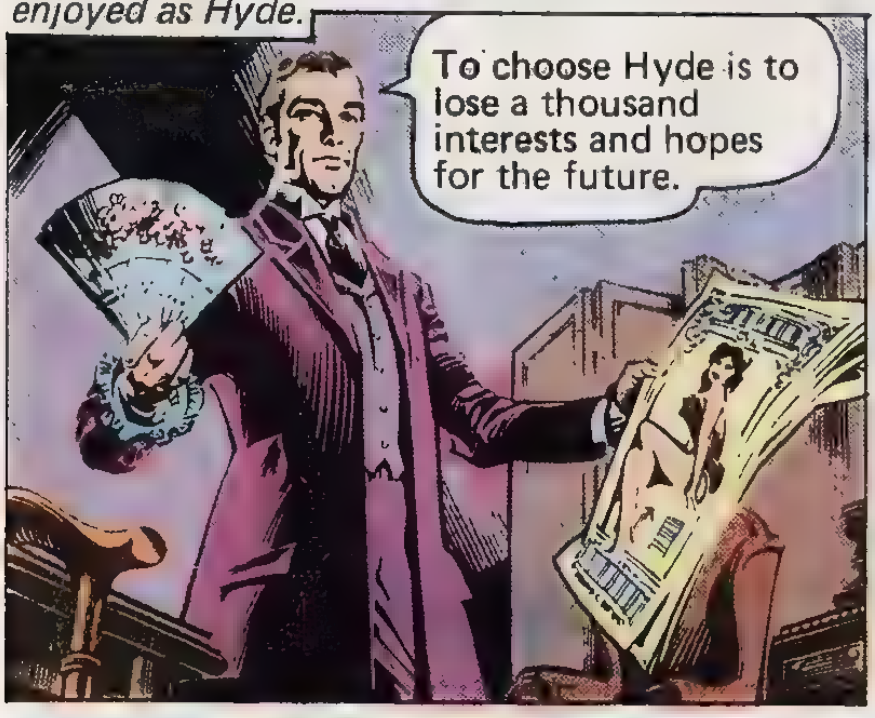
I was worried that I might become Hyde forever—not be able to change back.

Changing into Hyde had been hard at first. Now it became easier and easier.



I knew I had to choose between the two. . .Jekyll helped plan and enjoyed the things Hyde did. . .but Hyde wanted to know nothing of Jekyll.

To always remain as Jekyll would mean giving up the fun that I now openly enjoyed as Hyde.



I chose Jekyll the better part of me and for two months I was true to my choice.

You're coming along just fine, Mrs. Thatcher. You'll be out of here soon.

Bless you, Doctor, for all you've done.

He's saved another life.

I worked harder at being a good doctor than ever before.

Back again, Jekyll? You've already put in a full day.

Yes, but I'm needed here. We must do what we can.

But time began at last to take away fears. The joy of hard work faded. The Hyde in me longed to be free.

Out there is life. What am I waiting for?

At last, in an hour of weakness, I once again mixed and swallowed the drug.

The devil in me had been shut up too long. It came roaring out.

I beat the old man, enjoying every blow.

Meanwhile from across the road a maid watched what happened. . . .

Suddenly, in my madness, cold terror filled my heart.

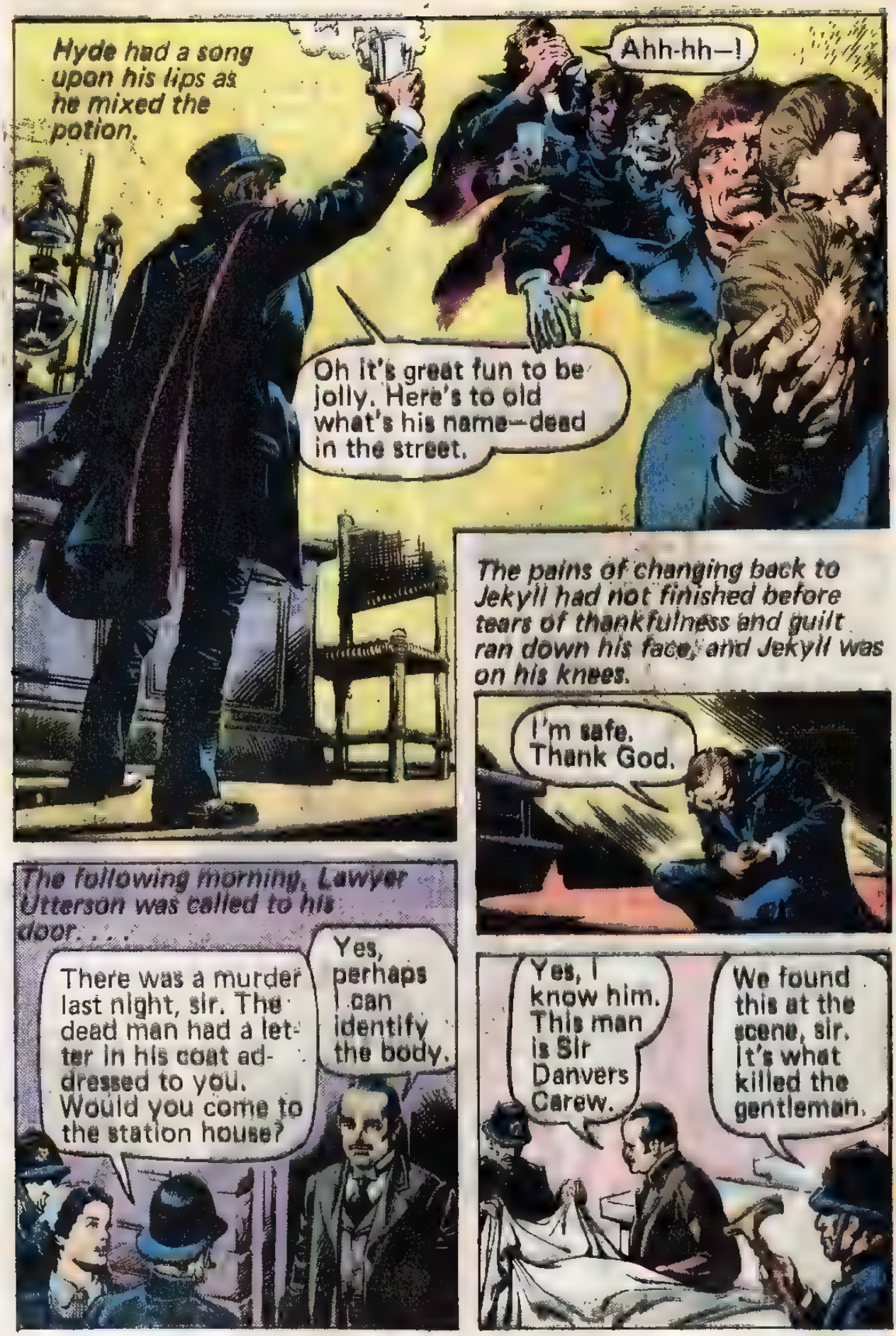
Shaking with fear, but glad at what I had done, I turned and ran.

To be sure I was safe, I burned everything.

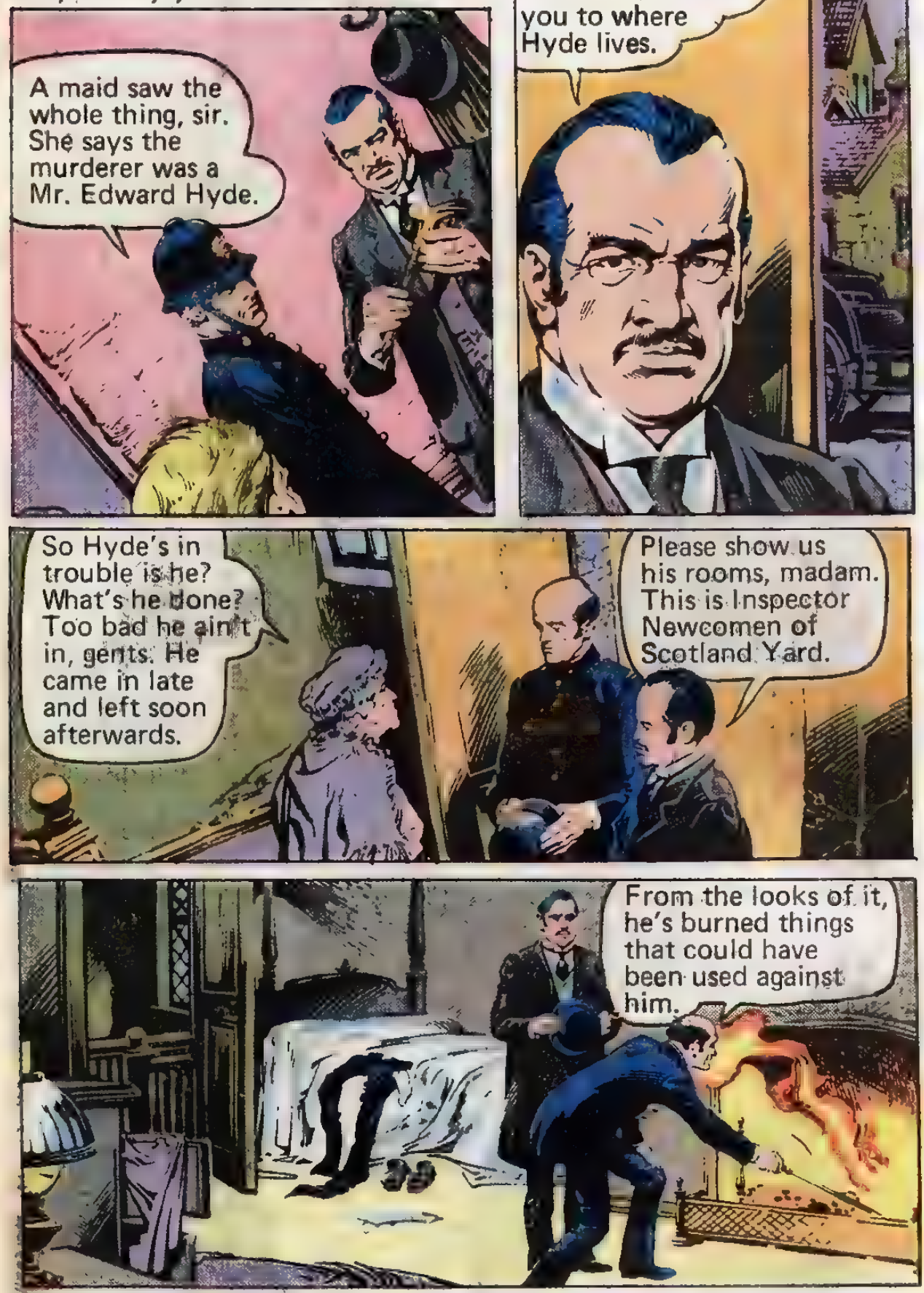
I left quickly to change safely into Jekyll.

I set out for Jekyll's house— enjoying my crime and yet afraid of being caught.

I must do more of this. Hark! Is that someone?

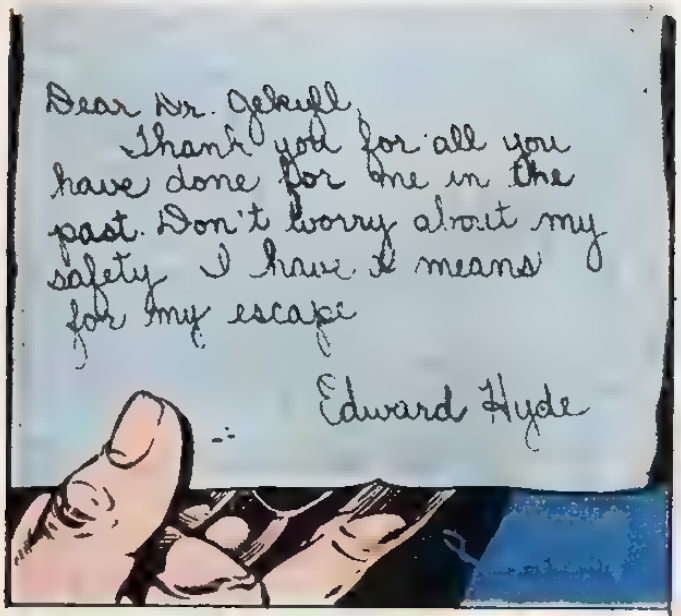

Hyde had a song upon his lips as he mixed the potion.
Ahh-hh—!
Oh it's great fun to be jolly. Here's to old what's his name—dead in the street.
The pains of changing back to Jekyll had not finished before tears of thankfulness and guilt ran down his face, and Jekyll was on his knees.
I'm safe. Thank God.
The following morning, Lawyer Utterson was called to his door. . . .
There was a murder last night, sir. The dead man had a letter in his coat addressed to you. Would you come to the station house?
Yes, perhaps I can identify the body.
Yes, I know him. This man is Sir Danvers Carew.
We found this at the scene, sir. It's what killed the gentleman.

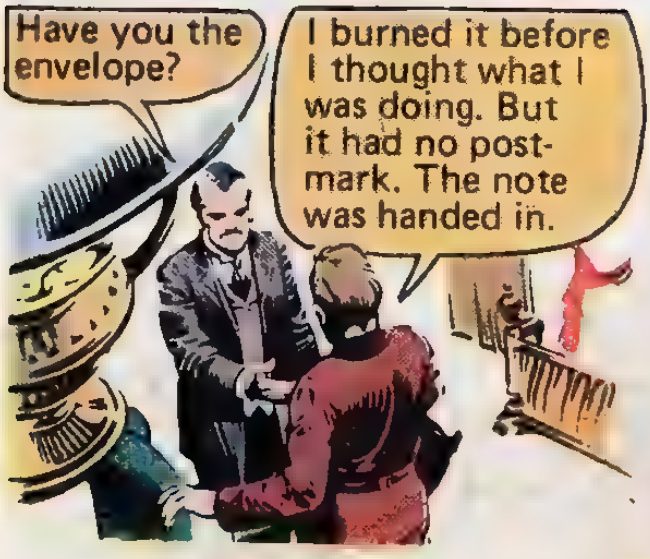
Utterson knew that the broken cane was one he had given Jekyll many years before.

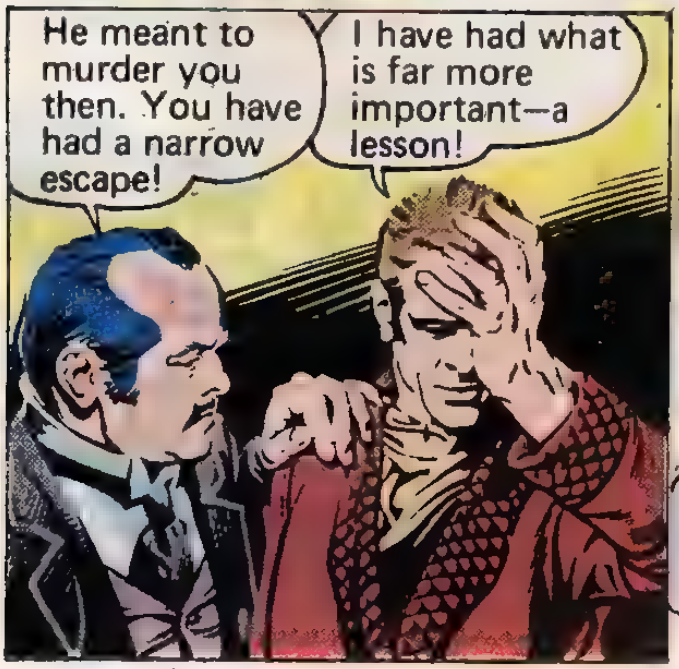

A maid saw the whole thing, sir. She says the murderer was a Mr. Edward Hyde.
If you will come with me in my cab, I think I can take you to where Hyde lives.
So Hyde's in trouble is he? What's he done? Too bad he ain't in, gents. He came in late and left soon afterwards.
Please show us his rooms, madam. This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard.
From the looks of it, he's burned things that could have been used against him.

And behind the door. . . .
It's got to be Hyde, Inspector. Here's the second half of the cane that he used to beat poor Carew.
The same cane I once bought for Henry Jekyll. How did Hyde get it?
Later, Utterson went to the home of his friend, Jekyll. . . .
Good afternoon, Poole, Is Dr. Jekyll in?
He's in the laboratory across the yard, sir. I'll take you there.
I believe this is the first time you've been to see Dr. Jekyll in the old laboratory, sir.
Yes, Poole.
Come on in, Utterson. Excuse me if I don't get up. I'm very tired.
Have you heard the news about Carew's murder?
The news boys were shouting it in the streets. I heard it in my dining room. Shocking news!
I have even more shocking news for you, Henry. Your friend, Hyde, is the murderer. You haven't tried to hide him have you?

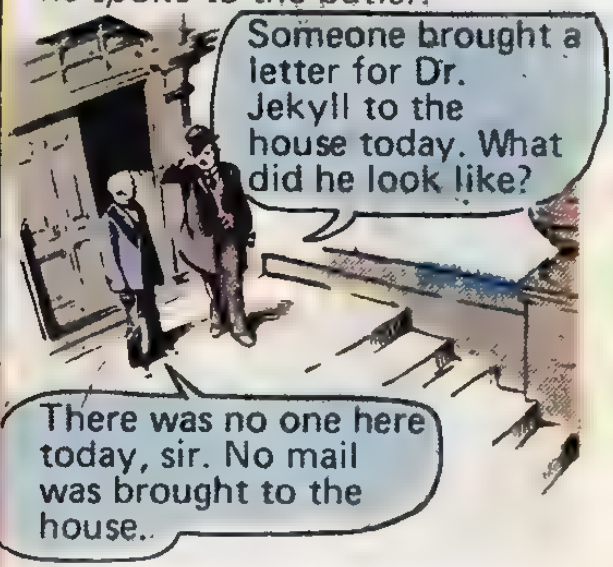
No, of course not. And I swear to you, I shall never set eyes on him again. I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end.
Are you sure?
Hyde does not want my help. You do not know him as I do. He is quite safe. He will never be heard of again.
I hope you're right. If this case comes to trial, he may say you are his friend.
I'm sure he's gone. Please believe me.
Hyde sent me a letter. I have shown it to no one.
Well, let me see it.

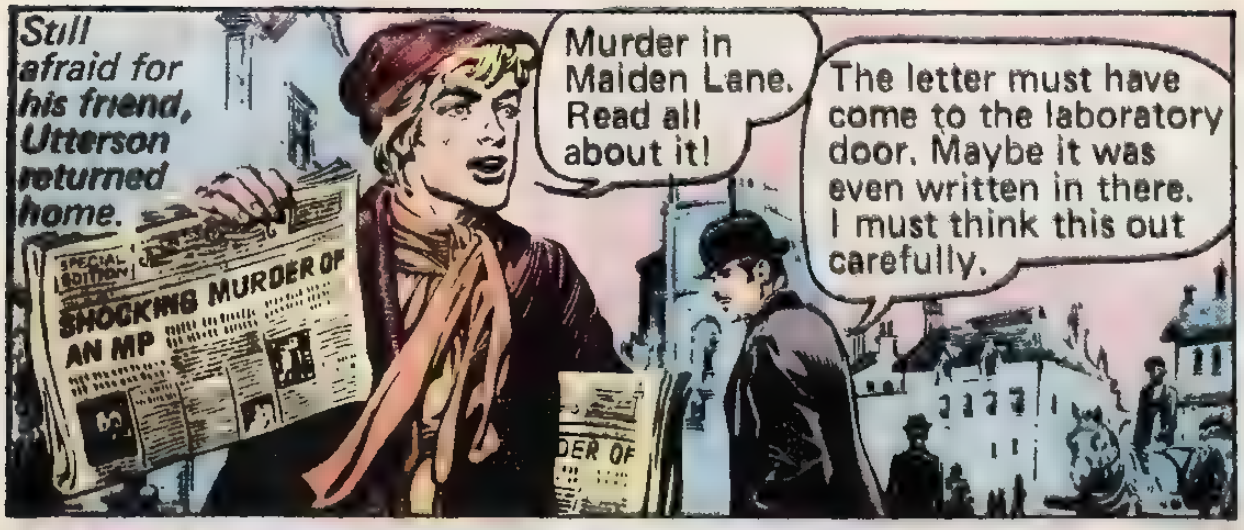

Dear Dr. Jekyll,
Thank you for all you have done for me in the past. Don't worry about my safety. I have a means for my escape.
Edward Hyde

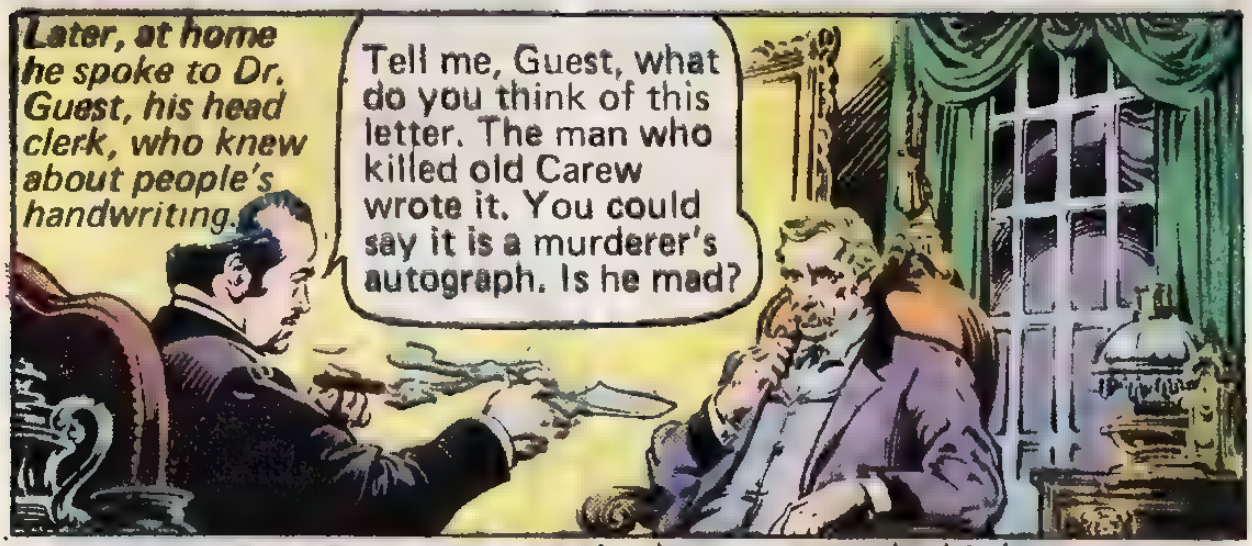


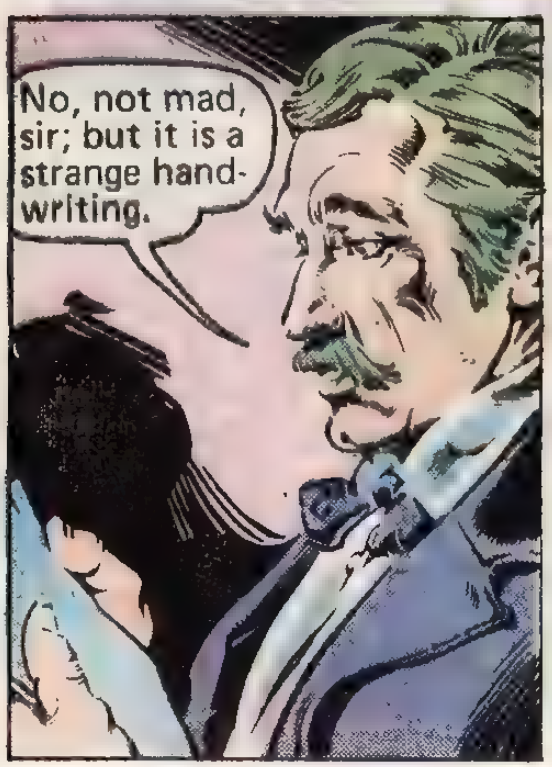


As Utterson left the house, he spoke to the butler.

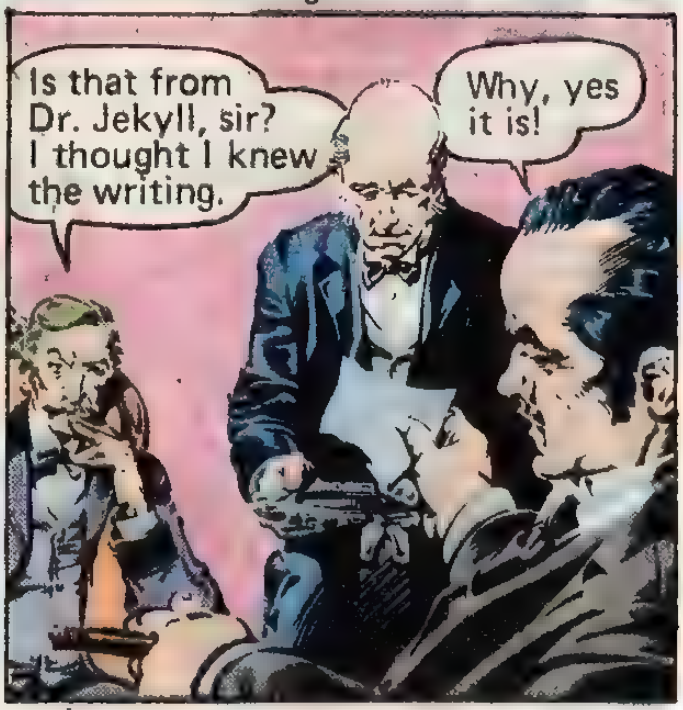

Someone brought a letter for Dr. Jekyll to the house today. What did he look like?
There was no one here today, sir. No mail was brought to the house.

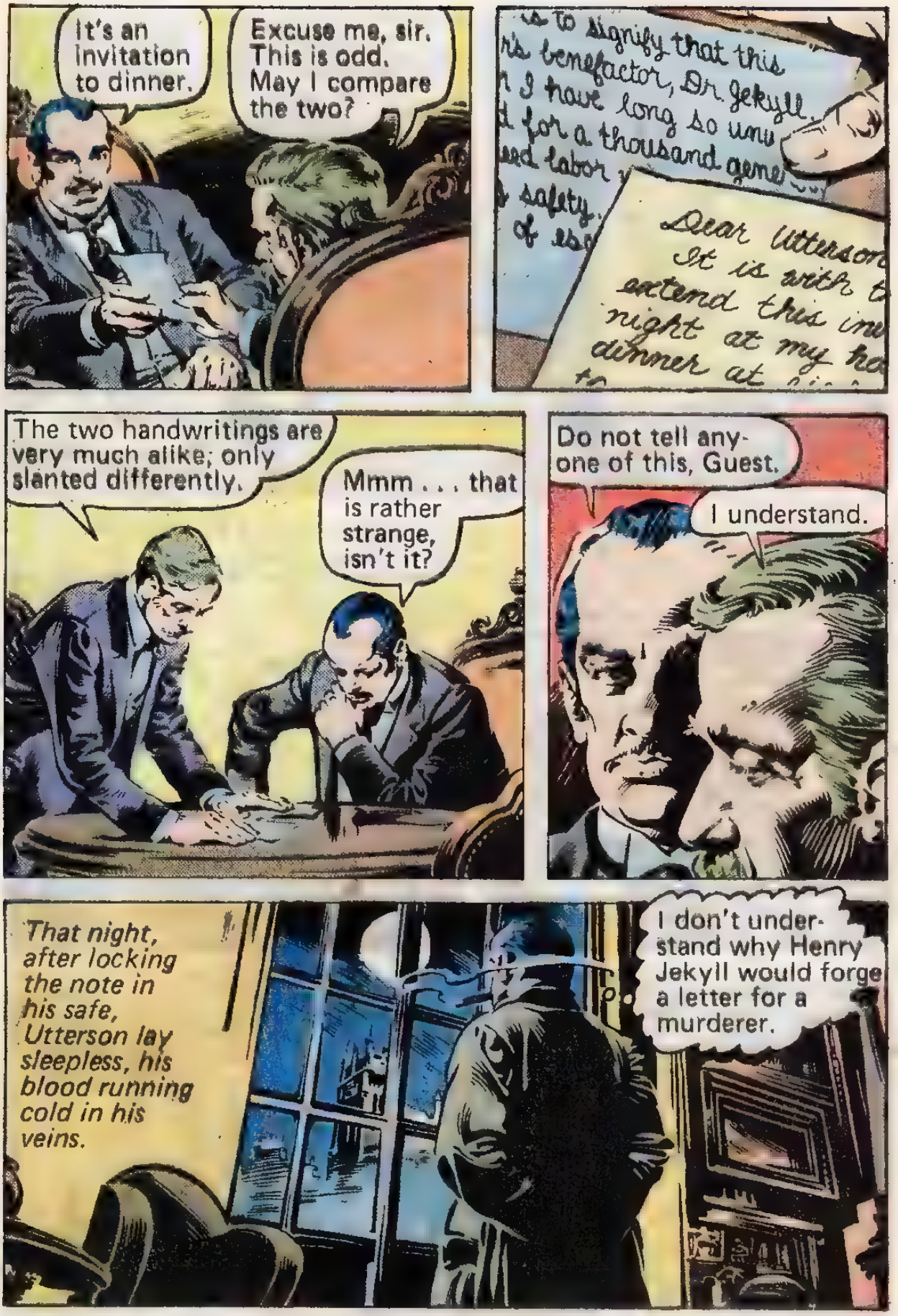

Still afraid for his friend, Utterson returned home.
SPECIAL EDITION
SHOCKING MURDER OF AN MP
Murder in Maiden Lane. Read all about it!
The letter must have come to the laboratory door. Maybe it was even written in there. I must think this out carefully.


Later, at home he spoke to Dr. Guest, his head clerk, who knew about people's handwriting.
Tell me, Guest, what do you think of this letter. The man who killed old Carew wrote it. You could say it is a murderer's autograph. Is he mad?



At that moment the butler delivered a message.




It's an invitation to dinner.
Excuse me, sir. This is odd. May I compare the two?
Dear Utterson
The two handwritings are very much alike; only slanted differently.
Mmm . . . that is rather strange, isn't it?
Do not tell anyone of this, Guest.
I understand.
That night, after locking the note in his safe, Utterson lay sleepless, his blood running cold in his veins.
I don't understand why Henry Jekyll would forge a letter for a murderer.

After Utterson left. my conscience began to trouble me again.

Slowly the guilt began to die away.

The problem is solved. I cannot risk being Hyde again. The gallows are waiting for him.

I firmly decided to give up Hyde forever. I locked the door to the laboratory and crushed the key under my foot.

I swear to remain as Jekyll, the better of my two identities.

With Hyde's guilt known to the world, I was safe as Jekyll.

Edward Hyde wanted for murder. Paper sir?

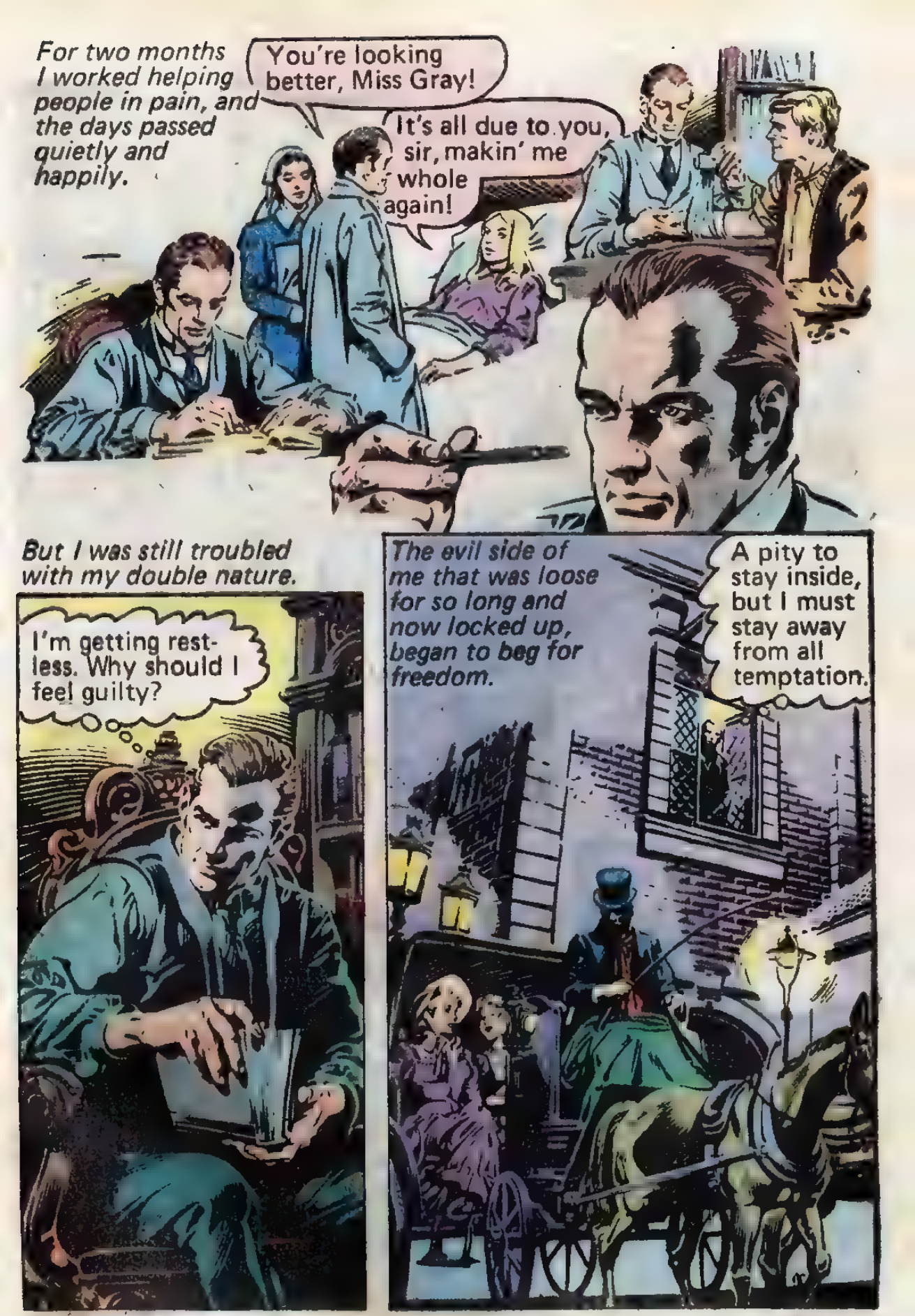
Shocking! I'll take one, boy.

CAREW KILLER AT LARGE! HYDE ESCAPES

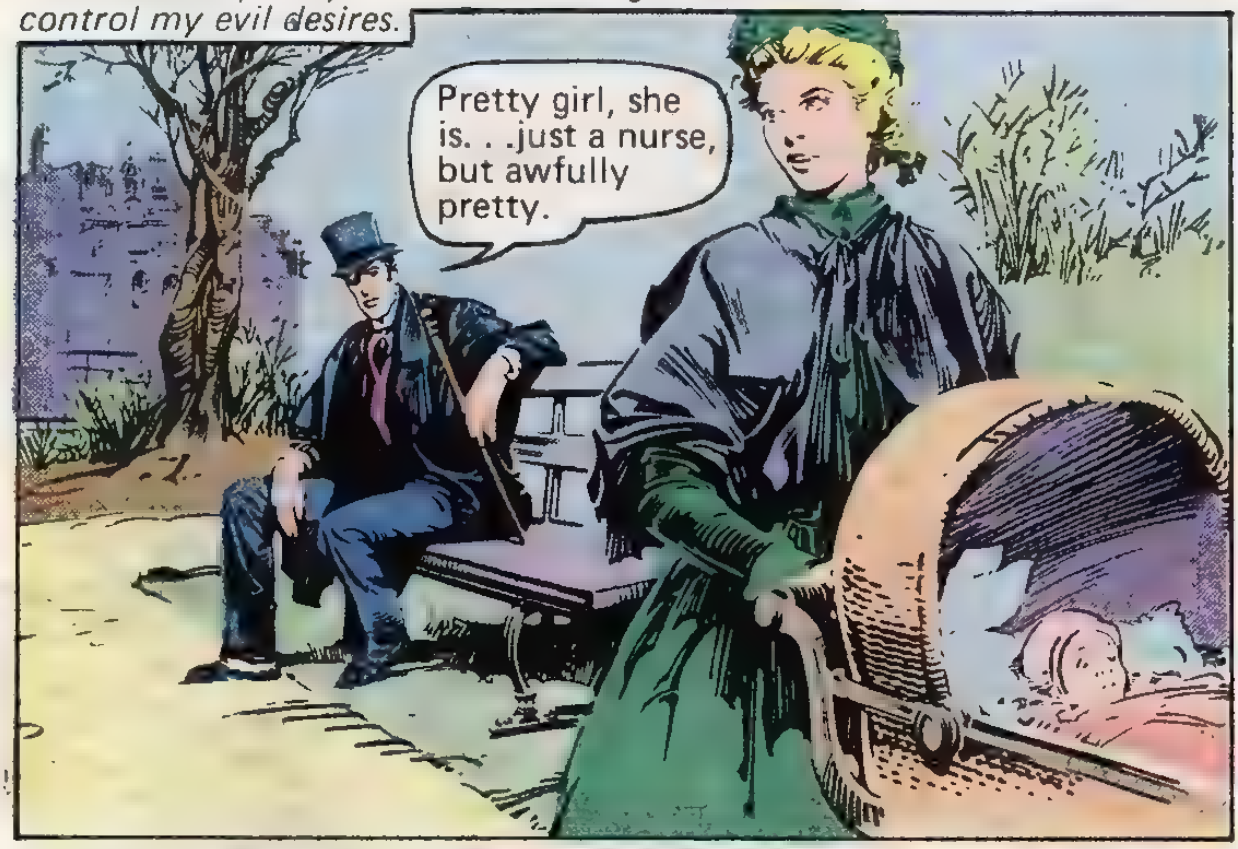
I decided that I would try to make good for the past.

Bring me her chart, nurse. We might try another medicine.

Yes, Doctor.


For two months I worked helping people in pain, and the days passed quietly and happily.
You're looking better, Miss Gray!
It's all due to you, sir, makin' me whole again!
But I was still troubled with my double nature.
I'm getting restless. Why should I feel guilty?
The evil side of me that was loose for so long and now locked up, began to beg for freedom.
A pity to stay inside, but I must stay away from all temptation.

Even as Henry Jekyll I now had to fight to control my evil desires.



But my promises for good came to an end. The evil in me broke loose.

Suddenly a terrible sickness and the most deadly shaking came over me.

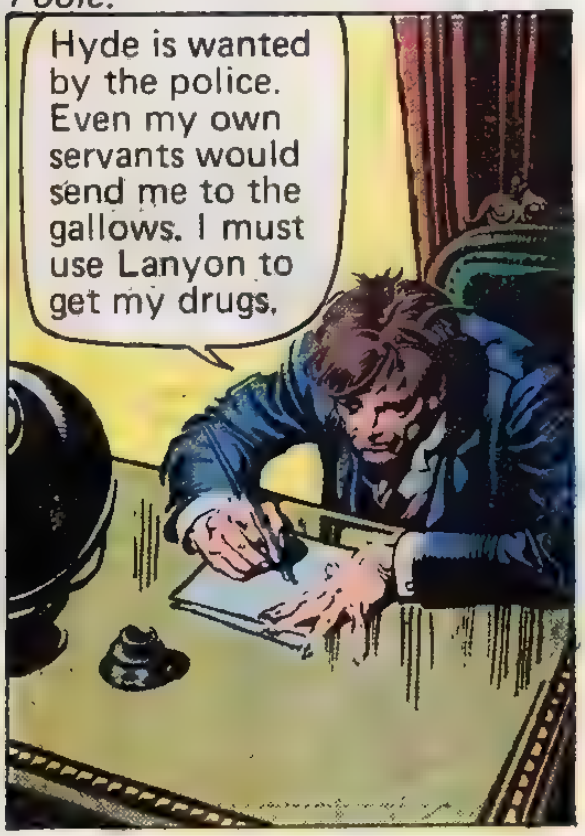
As I looked down, the hand on my knee became hairy and ugly.

A moment before I was a man respected by other men. Now I was Hyde—hunted, a known murderer headed for the gallows.

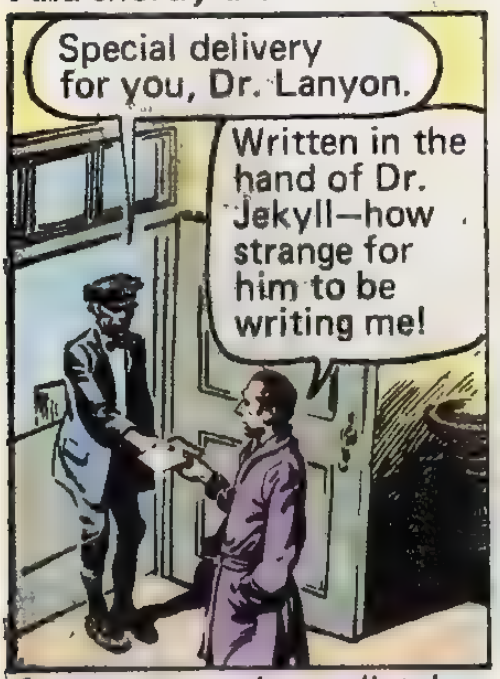
Jekyll would have gone to the police, but Hyde wished only to protect himself.

I had the cab drive me to a hotel.

When I was safe in a room, I wrote two letters—one to Dr. Lanyon and one to my butler, Poole.

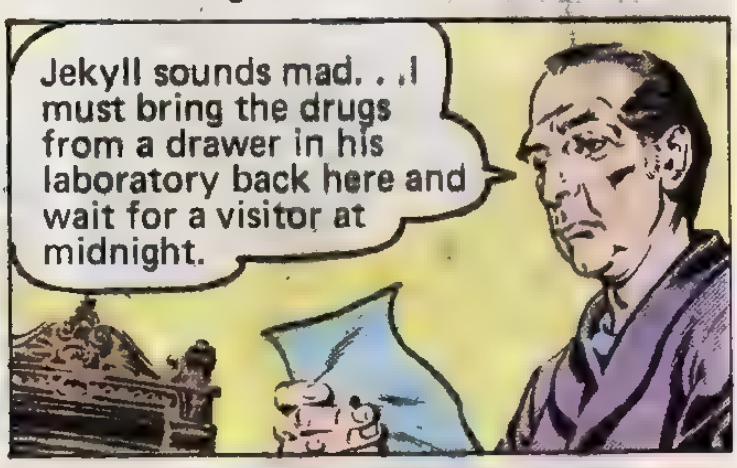


And shortly afterward. . . .

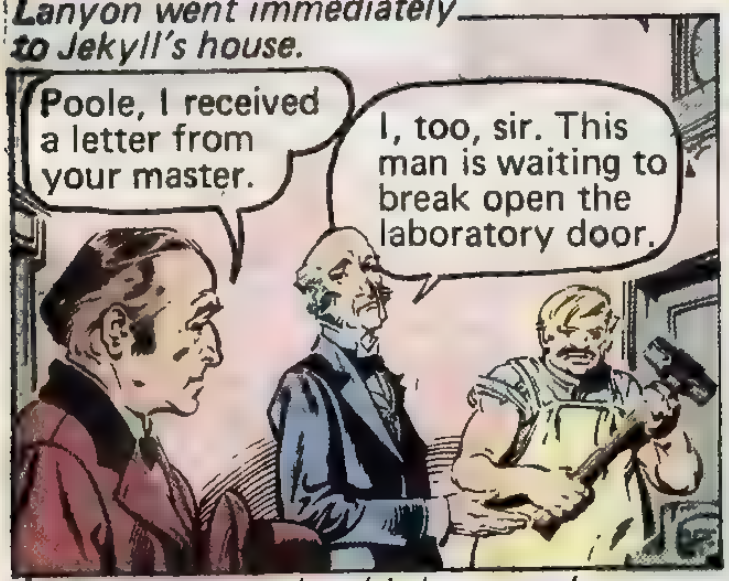


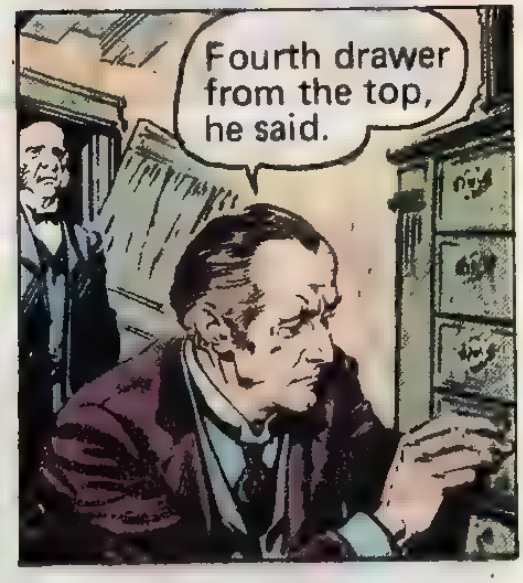
Dear Lanyon,

You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have disagreed at times on scientific matters, I cannot remember any break in our friendship. My life, my reason, my honor are all at your mercy. . .If you fail me tonight,

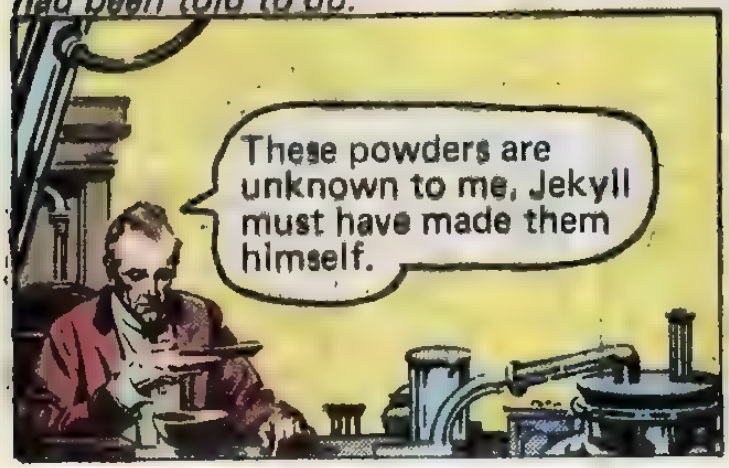


Lanyon went immediately to Jekyll's house.





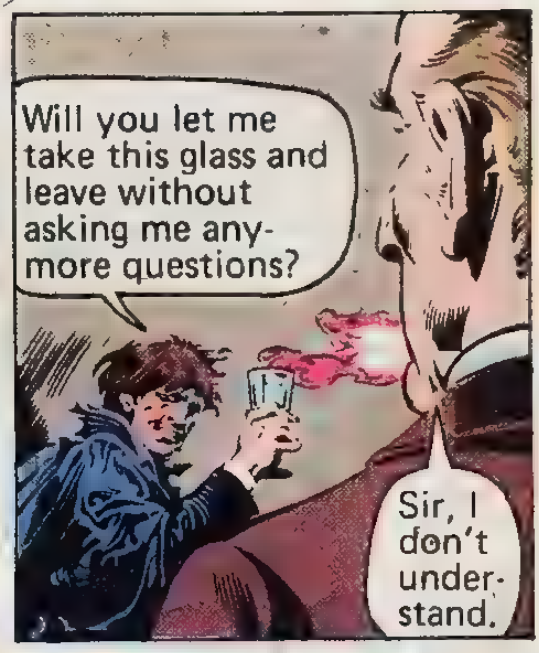
Lanyon returned to his home as he had been told to do.

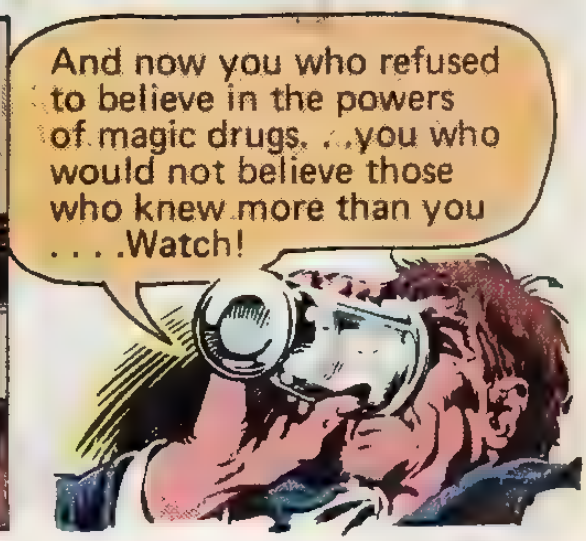


Exactly at midnight. . . .

At the sight of the drugs, Hyde gave out a sigh of relief.

Taking a glass, Lanyon's visitor quickly mixed the drugs.

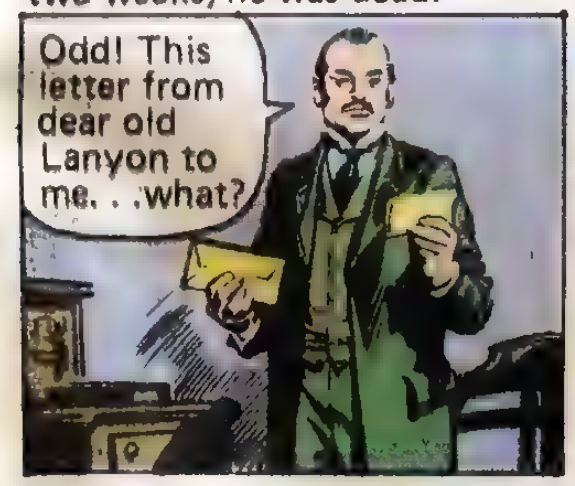



And now you who refused to believe in the powers of magic drugs. . .you who would not believe those who knew more than you . . . .Watch!

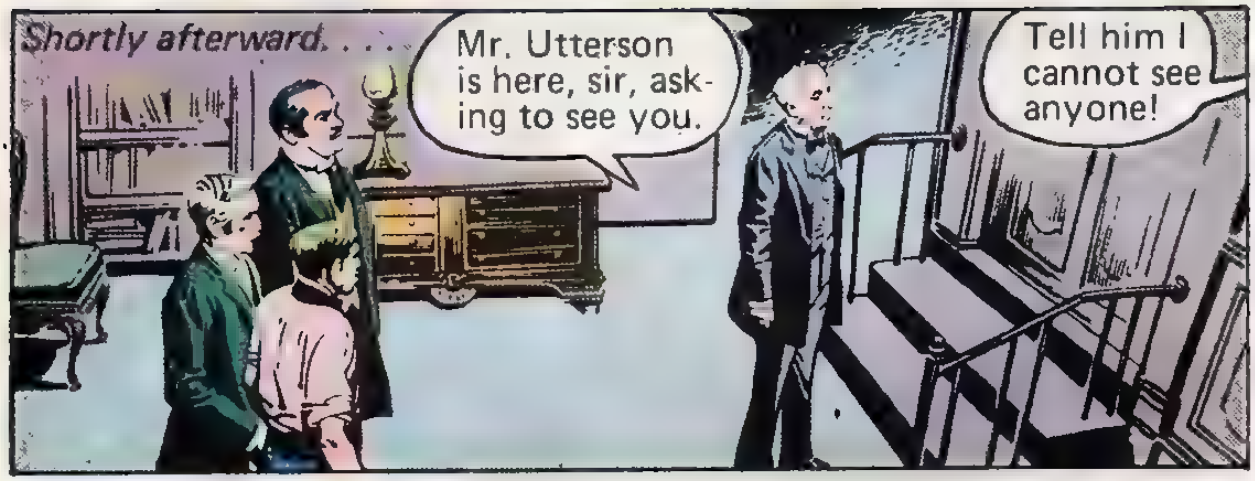
Aghh!
Eee—ehhh—ohh!
Good Lord—no! It can't be!
Ahh—O God . . . no. . . .
Remember your promise Lanyon—what you have seen you promised not to tell. But tell it at my death or disappearance.
Later at home.
I worry about Lanyon. He cannot understand.
Once more I was at home, close to my drugs, happy to be free, when suddenly after breakfast. . . .
It's a nice day to . . . . aghh! Oh, no . . . . not again. . . .

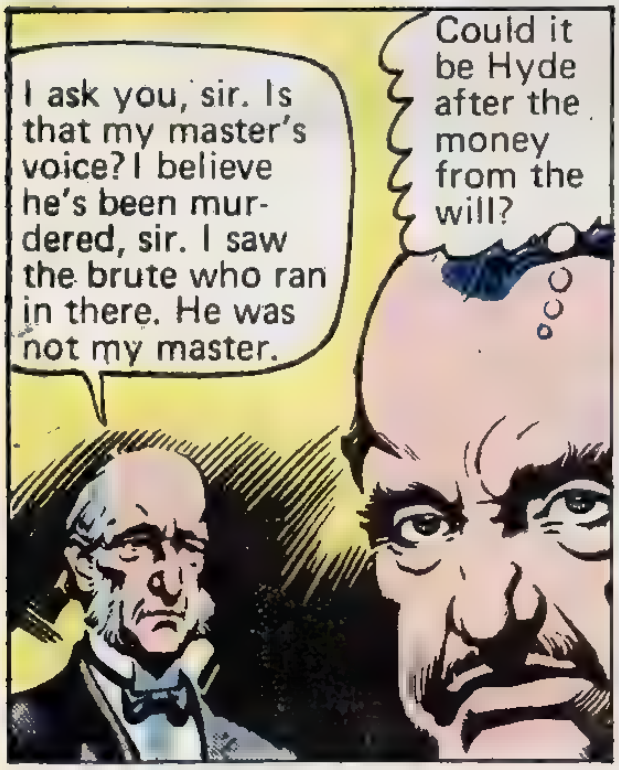
It took a double dose this time to change myself back to Jekyll.

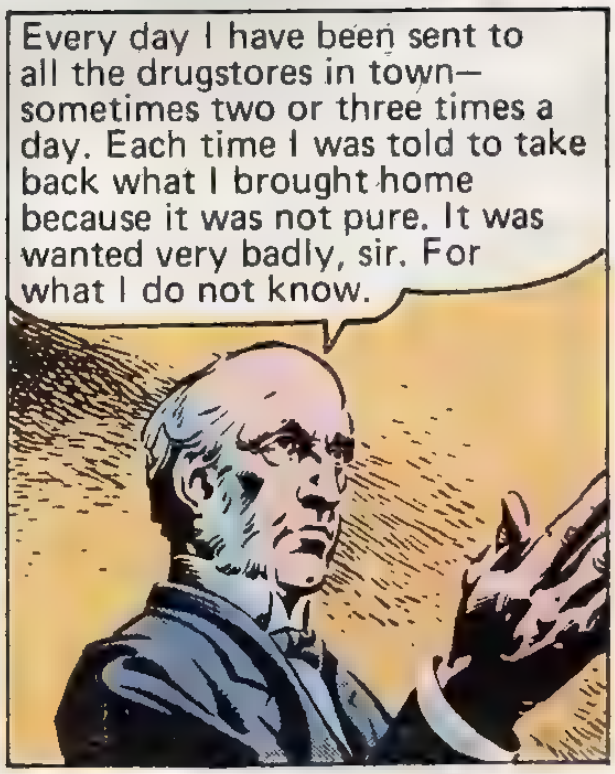
A week later, Dr. Lanyon became ill, and in less than two weeks, he was dead.



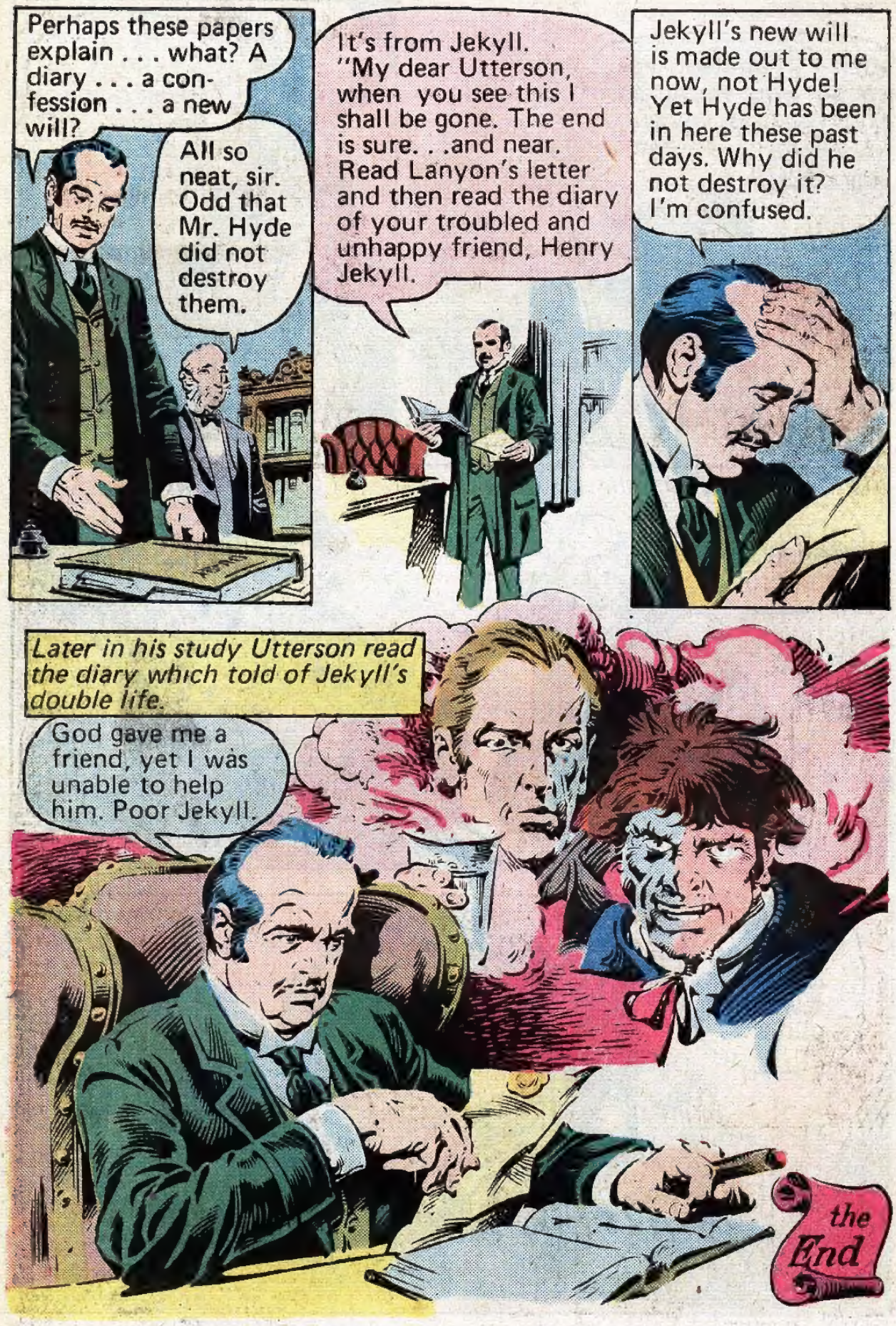
And then, one evening after dinner. . . .
What brings you here, Poole? Is your master ill?
He's been locked up, in his room all week, sir. I think something has happened to him.


Shortly afterward. . . .
Mr. Utterson is here, sir, asking to see you.
Tell him I cannot see anyone!


I ask you, sir. Is that my master's voice? I believe he's been murdered, sir. I saw the brute who ran in there. He was not my master.
Could it be Hyde after the money from the will?


Every day I have been sent to all the drugstores in town—sometimes two or three times a day. Each time I was told to take back what I brought home because it was not pure. It was wanted very badly, sir. For what I do not know.

Jekyll, I am worried about you. If you do not let us in, we will break in.
Go away.
That's not Jekyll's voice. Break down the door, Poole.
As the door flew open. . . .
It's not Jekyll. . it's Hyde.
We have come too late to save or to punish.
Then where is my master?


Perhaps these papers explain . . . what? A diary . . . a confession . . . a new will?
All so neat, sir. Odd that Mr. Hyde did not destroy them.
It's from Jekyll. "My dear Utterson, when you see this I shall be gone. The end is sure. . .and near. Read Lanyon's letter and then read the diary of your troubled and unhappy friend, Henry Jekyll.
Jekyll's new will is made out to me now, not Hyde! Yet Hyde has been in here these past days. Why did he not destroy it? I'm confused.
Later in his study Utterson read the diary which told of Jekyll's double life.
God gave me a friend, yet I was unable to help him. Poor Jekyll.
the End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1850. An industrious person, he carried two books with him always: one to read and one in which to write.

His imagination for a story was sparked often by simple clues. *Treasure Island*, for example, was reputedly inspired by a treasure map and a twelve-year-old boy. Many of the adventures are similar to ones Stevenson experienced as a child.

Stevenson was interested not only in buried treasure, pirates, and sea adventure, but also in human psychology. His fascination with the conflict of good and evil in man prompted him to write *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Partially because of his Calvinist upbringing, he thought that man was always suppressing his evil nature. This nature, so long held back, breaks loose violently in the character of Mr. Hyde.

Stevenson was a collector of ideas. Often he borrowed expressions or thoughts from other writers, but his own style was unmistakable. He travelled extensively, married an American, and retreated for health reasons to the South Sea islands. There, in 1894, he died of tuberculosis, but not until he had established himself as the "tusitala" or "the teller of tales" to the natives.

3 MORE FINE ILLUSTRATED ADAPTATIONS NOW AVAILABLE IN THE MARVEL CLASSICS SERIES!

MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
50¢ 3
THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY VICTOR HUGO
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
52 FULL PGS NO ADS

MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
50¢ 4
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY JULES VERNE
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS
52 FULL PGS NO ADS